

## Jack & Patrick

by mazaher, on drawings by athens7

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### 0. Alone

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I used to live alone.  
No, not quite alone--  
I used to live with ghosts.  
My father,  
his friend,  
his sworn enemies.  
Characters in a melodrama  
of the past generation  
I didn't want to take part in.  
But who am I,  
if not a minor figure in their story?  
As long as I was alone,  
I didn't know.

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## 1. The beginning

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That was their beginning.

The fair one sterner, harder, not like a rock but like tempered steel.

The dark one softer, more friendly, maybe a bit melancholy at times.

One standing, the other sitting on the featureless wasteland, trying to decide their path.

Not sure then if it would be the same for both.

Facing opposite directions, yet almost touching.

Already

almost

touching.

"Where to?"

"Over there. You?"

"Me too."

He stands, brushes his coat.

"Let's go."

"Yes."

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## 2. Getting to know you. I.

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"You know, my father tried to kill Sherlock... what a waste of a beautiful mind it would have been."

"And John, he would have died of grief."

"Maybe. Probably. Eventually."

"Do you miss your father?"

"I miss the father he never was."

"I miss the parents I never had."

"We can be that. Parents to ourselves."

"Does it mean we have grown up?"

"Yes. Would you..."

"What? Want me to scratch your head?"

"No. Yes, also that."

"Lean a bit to your left. Shift your arm down, you're too far, and I'm too comfortable here to want to move."

"Mmmmh. Thank you."

"You're welcome, friend."

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### 3. Sight

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*Patrick*

It is a sudden, painful awakening.  
/How could I not \*see\*?  
Years, and I have been blind,  
behind bars of my own making.  
What now? I am afraid./

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*Jack*

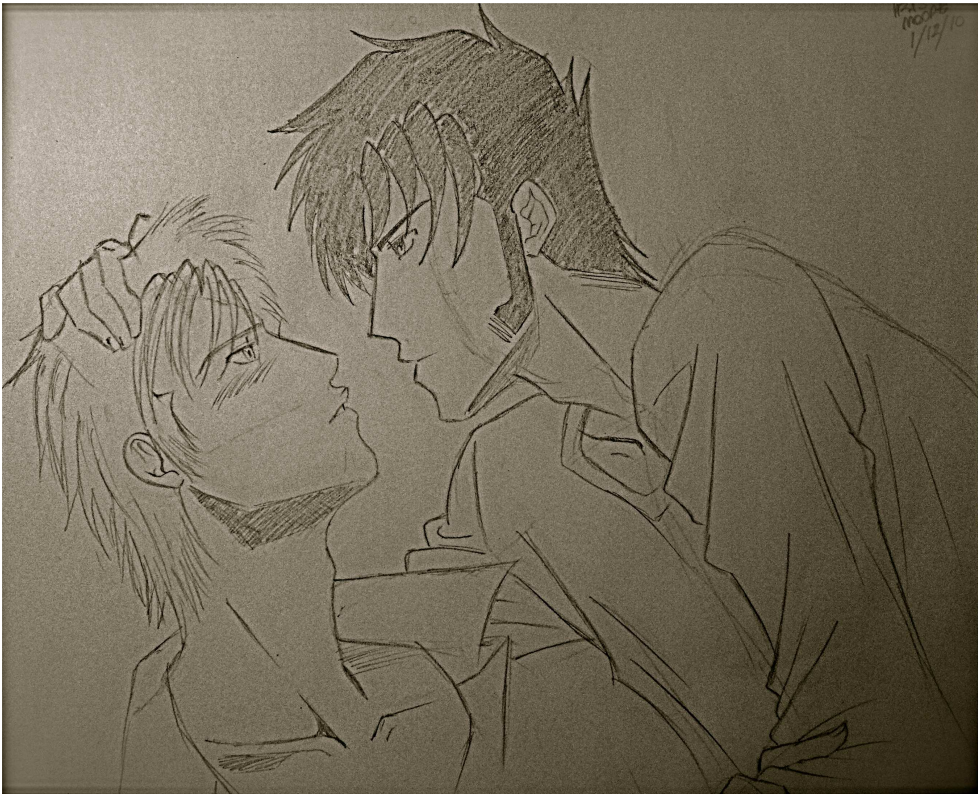
It is a day like any other.  
A chat, a cigarette, companionable silence.  
/He doesn't know. Never saw.  
No reason why it should ever change.  
It is enough. I make it be enough./

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#### 4. Proximity

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He followed, the dark one,  
a half-step behind,  
asking not where or why,  
the shape of his own life freely modeling itself  
to the changing shape of the other's.  
Until the other  
--the fair one, the loved--  
almost lost his,  
which he deemed worth nothing.  
Then the dark one's surge  
overwhelmed both,  
desperation falling like rain on surprise,  
and shared ultimate truth when finally  
their eyes met.  
"I... You."  
"Yes."  
"Love you."  
"Yes."  
"Can't lose you."  
"Want you."  
"Don't leave me."  
"No. Never again. But stay with me."  
"Yes. Always."  
"Yes."

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## 5. The kiss

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Then they were touching, hungrily, reveling in warm life coursing through their veins after the chill of death had touched them.

The dark one pressing forward, yet refraining from grasping the fair one's shoulder. Leaving him free, even now, to choose his path. Ready to follow.

The fair one holding on to the black hair while surrendering himself to being loved, and devoured in hot kisses, giving his body up and standing fast, even while drowning.

Each one seeking definition. The dark one finding what he had always lacked, a meaning, a direction, and a voice, not an echo, responding to his own. The fair one shaking free from the past history of his murderous father, his dead mother, their expectations, and old revenges smelling like rusty steel.

Two blades of a shearer, they clicked shut, and cut the thread of ties that kept them bound apart, like the beak of the magical bird in the old Indian story.

They fell together.

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## 6. The future

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The miracle of peace descended upon them.

Together but not the same; opposite but fitting tightly, like the curve of a hand and cool spring water, like a knife and a wound, like root and soil, like a bird on a branch or the moon and a cloud.

One slipping in the deeper quiet of sleep, the other awake, kept from the brink of fright by those warm fingers on his own.

What will happen now? Who are they going to be?

Love is not the solution to all problems. Day to day, each step must still be chosen. But four feet are more solid and stable than just two.

Trust and Unrest are going to walk together, and find their luck.

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